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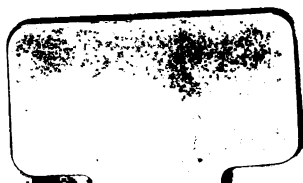
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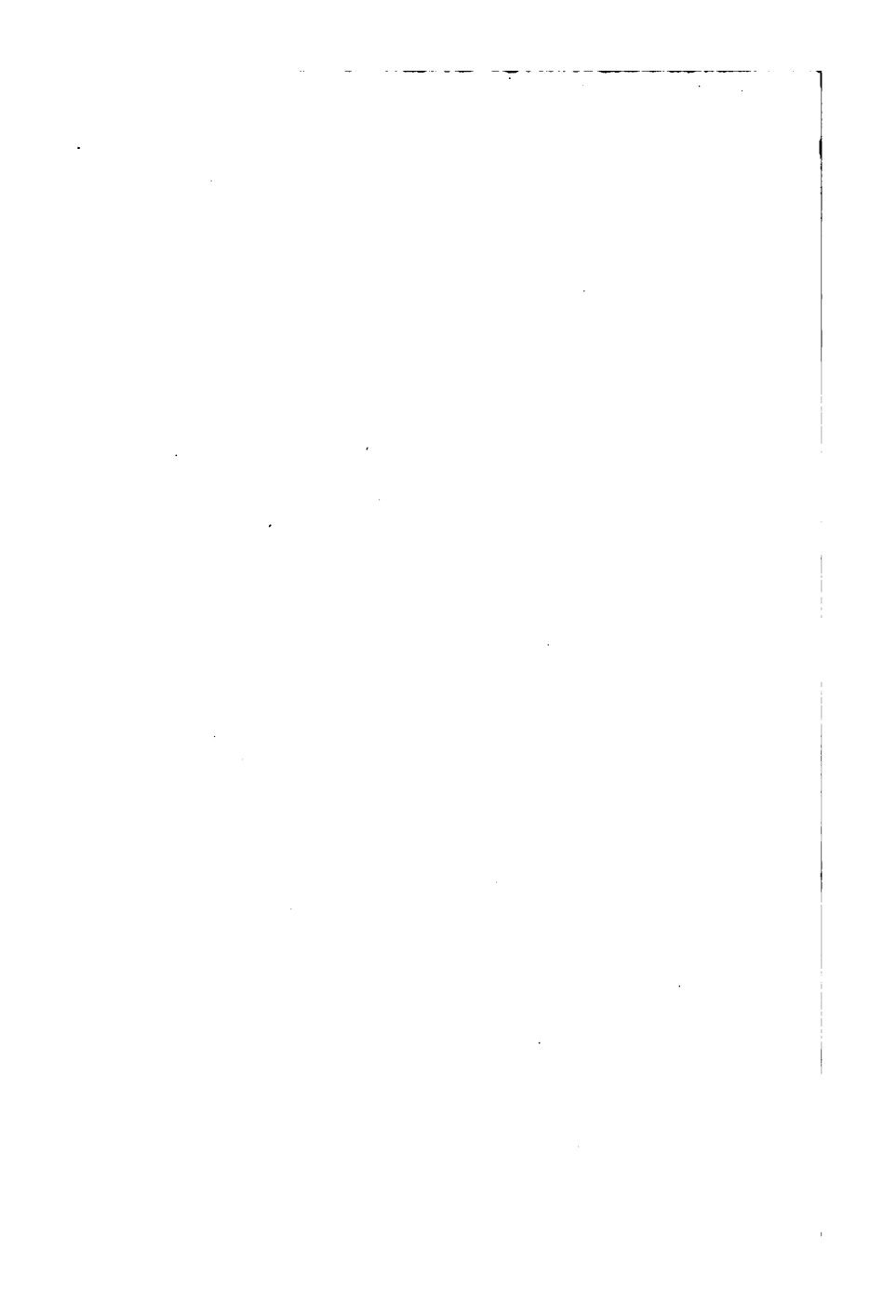
SONGS AND VERSES ON
SPORTING SUBJECTS.





SONGS AND VERSES ON
SPORTING SUBJECTS.





SONGS AND VERSES

ON

SPORTING SUBJECTS

BY

R. E. EGERTON-WARBURTON

AUTHOR OF "HUNTING SONGS"




LONDON
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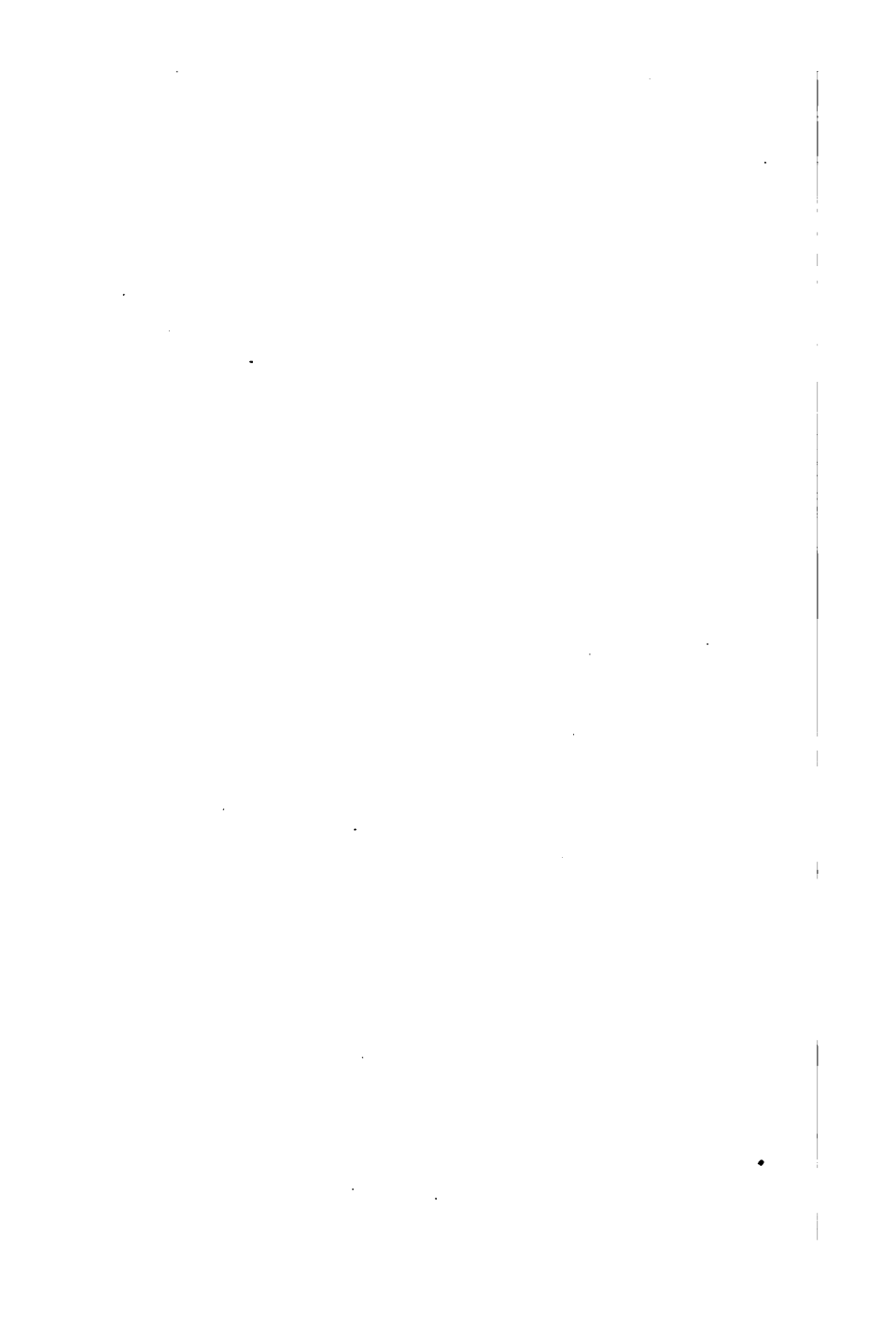
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SONGS AND VERSES ON
SPORTING SUBJECTS.

Vive La Chasse !

“Image of war.”

SOMERVILLE.



OF Melton heedless, uninspired by
Quorn,
The note I sound is on a foreign horn ;
Acroſs the Straits I caſt a ſportsman's
glance,
My theme to-day the hunting-fields of France.

But though, as wont, in ſporting phraſe I write,
The fields I ſing to-day are fields of fight ;
The hounds I name are warriors of renown,
And every cover is a fenced town ;
The chafe ſtill prompts my figurative ſpeech,
I charge a “bullfinch” when I ſtorm a breach ;

Whene'er, exulting o'er some glorious day,
O'er country croff'd, or trophies borne away,
Remember, reader, that I speak not then
Of killing foxes, but of slaughtering men.
Heroes and kings are mirror'd on the stage,
Why should not sport enliven History's page?

Through many an age the Masters of her chase,
Or sprung from Valois or from Bourbon race;
In turn uplifted, on the saddle fat
The Fair, the Wife, the Affable, the Fat;
Oft boundary squabbles, virulent as those
Of modern masters, in the country rose;
Some cared not for it, some were hunting-mad,
The few were good ones, and the many bad;
Poison would some into the trencher dip,
Some used the knife too freely, some the whip;
Throughout all countries still the fame resounds
Of names recorded in her list of hounds;
Two stand conspicuous blazon'd on the card,
The brave Du Guesclin and the good Bayard;
And when great Louis later held the horn,
Some gallant hounds were in the kennel born;
The last, though, Condé needed now and then,
A good and crafty hound was old Turenne.

Then wild disorder in the kennel rose,
All running riot wherefoe'er they chose;

Then out of Revolutionist, a lot
Of mongrel monsters Bonnet Rouge begot ;
Knee-deep they waded in a crimson flood,
With mouths insatiate howling still for blood ;
Till o'er their Master, uttering shouts obscene,
They cried " Who-whoop ! " and dropp'd the
guillotine.

Then, keen for sport and powerful to command,
A mighty Nimrod took the pack in hand ;
He Murat nurtured—hound as Rupert rash—
And many another full of fire and dash ;
Kleber, Desaix, Dumouriez, Junot, Hoche,
Sans peur were all, but not all *sans reproche* ;
Matchless on land, but when he took to water,
There Nelson check'd him with defeat and
slaughter ;
In field successful, till one sad blank day
On Moscow's snow the pack death-stricken lay.
The Belgian covers one fine day they drew,
The meet that morning was at Waterloo ;
There Wellesley challenged their triumphant note,
And English bulldogs seized them by the throat ;
While "*Sauve qui peut !*" the pack's retreating
cry,
From thousand tongues re-echoed through the sky.
The Victor vanquish'd and himself entrapp'd,
In grey furtout his folded arms he wrapp'd ;

A captive's collar round his neck they tied,
Chain'd to a rock, whereon he groan'd and died.

But little sport was in the kennel shown
By eighteenth Louis, weighing eighteen stone ;
Then with tenth Charles came haughty Polignac,
Who scorn'd to stoop, and so upset the pack ;
Then like a fox unearh'd, though nigh too late,
Stole Louis Philippe through the Tuileries gate ;
And uprofe one to fill th' Imperial gap,
Whose model Master was his Uncle Nap ;
His cockpit Italy ; for battle spurr'd,
The Gallic Cock struck down the Austrian bird ;
Till kennel discipline at length grown slack,
His hounds were mangled by the Berlin pack ;
When English foil a friendly refuge gave,
There dwells a widow sorrowing o'er his grave.

Then Thiers, a Master gifted with the knack,
Reduced to order the discordant pack ;
Till whelps by "Socialist," to riot prone,
He strove to keep in place, so lost his own.

Three rival masters !—till they settle which
Shall rule the kennel, hounds are at a hitch ;
Say, will MacMahon keep the pack in play,
And hunt the country in a quiet way ?
Or seek revenge, the kennel gates unbar,
"Cry havoc, and let slip the dogs of war !"

April, 1873.

The Man with one Hunter.

THERE are lords who their hunters can
count by the score,
Scarce a Squire in the land but can stable his four;
Like myself, there are few who, too poor to keep
two,
Go a-hunting on one, and that one an old screw.

One that flaps at a ditch, like a duck at a pond,
Well content if he land me three inches beyond;
If the cop his two fore-legs successfully climb,
His hind ones will follow in due course of time.

I have oft thought it strange, with a harem of
wives,
How among them the Turk to keep order con-
trives;
One wife in an Englishman's house *quantum suf.*,
But one horse in his stable is not quite enough.

I would sell without grief the last shirt from my
back,
Nor care though my coat were cut out from a
sack,
If the duns would but leave me a saddle to fit on,
And a horse underneath it with bridle and bit on.

No blot on my scutcheon, a gentleman born,
If of lowly descent I were far less forlorn;
I might then to the post of a Huntsman aspire,
Or at least ride as Whip to some fox-hunting
Squire.

Brother Tom, once in deeper distress than myself,
He, without even one, was laid quite on the shelf;
But ere cutting his throat he an heiress address'd,
And at once with a wife and a stud he was blest.

Though through life I have bent to Diana my
knee,
She has never bestow'd a like favour on me,
Though unmounted herself does the goddess not
know,
He now needs a good horse who a-hunting would
go.

Ye who own patent mangers, where flyers are fed,
Which the dealer supplies at three hundred a head,
Let a crumb from your stable in charity fall,
Give a mount to the man who can fill but one
fall.

Brother Tom.

A SEQUEL TO THE MAN WITH ONE HUNTER.

“Ogni medaglia ha il suo riverso.”

RESCUED from suicide, brought back to life
From the depth of despair by a stable and
wife,

Brother Tom, to whom Hymen had given this
lift,

Brother Tom of his luck I will tell you the drift.

That good wife he wedded is gone to her rest,
Leaving Tom of her lands and her fortune possest;
But no ticket can life from vexations insure,
The rich have their troubles as well as the poor.

Two sons—on three hunters apiece they insist,
Their nights they devote to blind hookey and
whift;

Five grown-up daughters besides—Heaven bleß
'em!—

Who can tell what it costs a fond father to dress
'em?

For those gowns light as gossamer, widely out-
spread,

When compress'd in the bill become items of lead;

And a feather, stuck there, is no more the light
thing
That it was when first pluck'd from the ostrich's
wing.

With what care-laden clouds is the stable o'er-
hung,
The old ones need nursing, rough-riding the
young;
Too restive is one e'en for Rarey to tame,
One is wrong in the stifle, another foot-lame.

Bit-fore, not an oat will old Tearaway touch,
Give Plumper the muzzle, he feeds over-much;
Now some favourite mare is heard biting her crib,
Now a stable-boy kill'd by a kick in the rib.

Tom has always the cud of some grievance to
chew,
Now he loses his temper at losing a shoe,
Now he blows his own nose when he hears his
horse sneeze,
Ever vexed and perplexed by such trifles as these.

What with horses and grooms, what with
daughters and sons,
Still behind him sits Care through the fastest of
runs;
Wealth I declare a delusion and snare,
Reduced to one horse I have only one care.

My Dentist.

I N childhood who my first array
Of teeth pluck'd tenderly away,
For teeth like dogs have each their day?
My Dentist.

Who when my first had run their race,
And others had usurp'd their place,
When overcrowded gave them space?
My Dentist.

Whether the cavities were slight,
Or vast and deep, who stopp'd them tight,
Then made their polish'd surface white?
My Dentist.

When void of bone a gap was seen,
Who fix'd, the vacancy to screen,
An artificial one between?
My Dentist.

Who, when ambitious to be first
My horse fell headlong in the burst,
Replaced the ivories disperfed?
My Dentist.

Who "Baily" left on parlour chair
 With leaf turn'd down to show me where
 Jack Russell's life was pictured there?
 My Dentist.

Or reading in that doleful cell
 Whyte-Melville's verse, who knew full well
 Its charm would every pang dispel?
 My Dentist.

Who lull'd with laughing gas my fear
 When conscious that a tug was near
 For man's endurance too severe?
 My Dentist.

And, lastly, when infirm I grew,
 Who skilfully each relic drew,
 And framed for me a mouth-piece new?
 My Dentist.

Farming and Fox-hunting.

FARMERS, listen to the ditty
 Of a friend who loves you well;
 If you will not, more the pity,
 Nothing but the truth I tell.

ON SPORTING SUBJECTS. 11

Let us while we each our work do
In good fellowship unite ;
Why should we, as Rufs and Turk do,
Fox-hunters and Farmers fight ?

If the noble sport decrying,
Growl you will, we can but laugh ;
Freely from the farmstead buying
Oats, we do not want your chaff.

Spent by what we call a "splitter,"
Steeds are bedded in the stall.
You who grow such costly litter,
Men of straw we cannot call.

Selling till the sport is over
Many a waggon load of hay,
Surely you must live in clover,
Surely fox-hunting must pay.

Therefore should your fence be broken
Post and rail to grief consign'd,
Let no angry word betoken
Damage to your peace of mind.

Bone-dust sown the pasture sod on,
Should the surface smooth and flat
By the tramp of hoof be trod on,
You must make no bones of that.

Should the green wheat in December
By the field be overrun,
Wait till yellow in September
Ere ye sue for damage done.

Should the henrooft robb'd dismay you,
Renard guilty of the theft ;
Wives, be sure the Squire will pay you
Double for the ducklings left.

Sad indeed, though lines of wire be
Harmless underneath the wave,
From his saddle should the Squire be
Telegraph'd into his grave.

Plainly by my pen depicted,
Let the evil and the good,
Profit won or harm inflicted,
Both be fairly understood.

Each dependent on the weather,
One for scent and one for growth,
Farm and Kennel link'd together,
Let us drink success to both !

Nov., 1877.

Bought and Sold.

UPSTOOD the auctioneer, and while
His customers he scann'd
The smile upon his features
Was infidiously bland :

“I have now to offer, gentlemen,
An animal—Lot three—
Both power and pace his make and shape
Will fully guarantee.

“Though qualified at Melton,
Or at Quorn to play his game,
All fences and all countries
Are alike to him the same.

“They tell me, who have ridden him,
That through the longest day
He, when the best are beaten,
Never fails to stick and stay.”

I look'd him o'er, perfection quite !
A hunter every inch !
And at once, whate'er the figure,
I determined not to flinch.

Quickly started at "one hundred,"
He as quickly sprung to "two,"
As down the ride they ran him
Up and up the bidding flew.

A pause—then "Going, going, gone!"
Three hundred held him fast;
The bidding stopp'd, the hammer dropp'd,
And mine he was at last.

They who came to see the beauty
I had purchased at the sale,
They all pronounced him perfect
From the forelock to the tail.

Then came the wish'd-for morning
When I mounted first my steed
In triumphant expectation
That the gallop I should lead.

Off! and hustling through the *mêlée*,
At the foremost fence we fly;
One and all my rivals clear'd it,
One and all—but where was I?

Like some equestrian statue
Made of marble or of brass,
Or like a tree deep rooted,
We were fixtures on the grass.

I turn'd again and faced it,
Dealt the whip and plied the spur,
He touch'd it with his nostril,
But no further would he stir.

In vain I tried to coax him,
Tried to rouse him with a shout,
I raced him round the pasture,
But I never got him out.

In despair I view'd the fast ones,
Speeding onward in their flight;
Eyed with envy every straggler,
Till the last was out of sight.

Good indeed he was at staying,
For no power could move him on;
What mockery, remember'd then,
Was "Going, going, gone!"

Then the secret unsuspected,
The truth till then unknown,
Came out,—the splendid creature
Had a temper of his own.

"Rarey upon Restiveness,"
Who now that volume heeds?
Hunting days are far too precious
To be spent in taming steeds.

If on horseback at our fences
We must permanently stick,
A donkey far more cheaply
Would suffice to do the trick.

They say, in love and warfare,
All is fair that serves our end ;
They who say the fame of horseflesh
Would have sold him to a friend.

But found as when I bought him,
Neither blemish'd, blind, nor lame ;
I sent him with clear conscience
To the hammer whence he came.

MORAL.

Youth, bear in mind that beauty
Lies no deeper than the skin,
That which maketh or which marreth
Is the temper hid within.

Whether horse it be or helpmate,
To your lot whate'er may fall ;
Still that which can and will not,
Is the saddest lot of all !

An Australian Stag-hunt.

AS DESCRIBED BY A NORTHAMPTONSHIRE
SPORTSMAN.

Melbourne, 1878.

THE sport which at Melbourne they stag-
hunting call,
Is to clear the stiff rail and to charge the stone
wall;
At the fence in his front whatfoe'er be its size
With the speed of a whirlwind the colonist flies.

Like the ground which he rides on, himself hard
as nails,
His heart, while his horse remains fit, never fails;
But unlike the hard ground which he treads on,
full oft
That horse's condition is puffy and soft.

At noon-day the stag stood erect in his cart,
Till the long pole and whip have provoked him
to start;
At home whippers-in have much work to fulfil,
A whipper-out here is more requisite still.

The line which they took to the Muse is unknown,
What horses were pounded, what riders were
thrown ;

That they cross'd o'er the water, suffice it to say,
Where at bay stood the stag, and so ended the day.

There those steeds that were bankrupt of breath
in the hunt,

Were right glad to recover their wind in a punt ;
The stag safely snatch'd from the jaws of the
pack,

To his hayrack and hovel they carted him back.

He whom fortune has here from Northampton-
shire sent,

With such pastime in Bucks will be little content ;
Though faster at Melton the thorough-breds'
flight,

The jumpers at Melbourne can beat them in
height.

He who laughs at their sport would be heartless
indeed,

For since hunting is hunting we wish them good
speed ;

They who lack a whole loaf must content be with
half,

They who have not a fox must put up with a
calf.

*Lines Suggested by the Will of the late
George Payne, Esq.*

WELL ere his earthly race was run,
Did Payne bequeath the plate he won,
Won not by conquest on the course,
By rider's skill nor speed of horse,
A worthier prize which serves to tell,
How friends and neighbours loved him well;
A trophy such as they deserve
Alone, who ne'er from Honour swerve.
That gift entrusted to its care,
The Shire which gave is now its heir,
And long as Althorp's walls endure
There treasured shall it rest secure,
His name henceforth by this bequest
Endear'd to many a future guest.

*On the Death of Major Whyte-Melville.
December 5, 1878.*

I N the Vale of White Horse meeting
On a bright December day,
What means the look of triumph
Which so gladdens that array?

It tells that morn how tidings
From the East have reach'd our shore,
How England's name on the roll of fame
Shines brilliantly once more.

There was one among the gathering
Which throng'd the covert side,
Whose heart beat high exulting
With a fellow-soldier's pride.

One whose pen of each past gallop
Could the memory prolong,
Embalm'd in pleasant story,
Or made musical in song.

His page with needful maxims
For the youthful rider fraught,
Ambitious all to follow him
And practise what he taught.

Young and old alike when speeding
To the cover round him preff'd,
Glad to share his cheery converse,
Or to catch some happy jest.

That morn, due honour giving
To the brave whom Roberts led,
Not less o'er those he sorrow'd
Who were number'd with the dead.

The dead!—how little thought he
That day their fate to share,
Unwarn'd when he to saddle sprang
That Death was clinging there!

O'erthrown, as onward fearlessly
He sped with keen delight,
He fell, as arrow-stricken
Falls an eagle in his flight.

Who, reading now those pages,
Which his loss will more endear,
His sudden fate recalling,
Will not blot them with a tear?

And who among his comrades,
When they o'er that valley ride,
Will not pause and point with sorrow
To the spot where Melville died?

The Manager's Ball.

January, 1879.

A MASTER of hounds! though he merit
wide fame
By the sport he has shown, I reveal not his name;

Who can keep by good-temper a field within
bounds,
None the master who love will e'er ride o'er his
hounds.

Nor reveal I the home of his huntsman, unless
By the fact I disclose you his whereabouts guests;
Alcohol to his lips is a poison unknown,
He quenches his thirst with pure water alone.

Long, long may such abstinence keep him alive,
May his foxes run straight and his puppy hounds
thrive,
Go search the three kingdoms and find if you can,
So keen to show sport, such a master and man.

Thus in grief spoke the master some three weeks
ago,
Looking mournfully down on a world of white
snow:
"Ungirth'd is the saddle, the horn is unblown,
The elastic green turf is congeal'd into stone.

"Some excitement while here we in quarantine lie,
I would fain to enliven the county supply,
Left like dormice we sink into slumber profound,
Left our blood become cold, and our sinews frost-
bound.

“ Though on horseback afield we can venture no
more,
On foot without fear we can tread the deal floor ;
The fixture at once I will post for a ball,
Where my wife and myself will give welcome to
all.”

Now with cushions for four, coaches dash to the
door,
While each 'Bus that trots up holds a merry half
score,
To console for the horn which so long has been
mute,
Now hear we sweet music from fiddle and flute.

If able, the Muse would her duty fulfil,
And declare who went best in the waltz and
quadille,
Tell of eyes which bright diamonds outshone by
their glance,
And of well-fitting gowns which were fashion'd
in France.

The healths which were drunk to the hostess and
squire,
The twinkling of feet which seem'd never to tire,
Gloved hands which at parting were tenderly press'd,
The furnace-like fighting of lovers distress'd.

Ere the music had ceased, the deserter who fled
The cotillion full gallop which after him sped,
The guest-chamber drawn, where asleep he was
found,
The who-whoop they upraised when they ran him
to ground.

I, now for such pastimes such pleasures unfit,
Was content with old friends on the sofa to sit,
Past charms well-remember'd once more to retrace,
To recall in fair daughter a mother's fair face.

An old man like myself took beside me a chair,
Both inspired with fresh youth by the merriment
there,
On our ball-room discourse it were idle to dwell,
Two scraps of it only I venture to tell.

"How sad," said my friend, "to stick fast in a run
On a horse underbred ere the sport is half done!
And how the round dance can fair partner enjoy
Who is link'd by ill-luck to some heavy-heel'd
boy?"

"True," I said, "but the rapture of movement we
know
When we ride a young horse full of spirit and go,
And that dancer's delight I can well understand
Who, himself light of step, takes a fairy in hand."

ON SPORTING SUBJECTS. 25

Ice and snow they ere long will be thaw'd out of
fight,
But the ball and the pleasure it gave us that
night,
They as long as we live in remembrance will
stay,
Like the ice round the Pole, they will ne'er melt
away.

*On the Visit of the Empress of Austria to
Kildare.*

February, 1879.

AT the wrongs she has borne from "Invasion"
of yore,
Well indeed may old Ireland feel sorry and fore;
Invasion! that word she has cause to detest,
'Tis a word which brings grief to each Irishman's
breast.

When Cromwell came o'er with his puritan crew,
And unsheath'd the long sword to cut papists in
two;
Far worse than long swords—which they faced
without fear—
Far worse the long sermons thrust into their ear.

Then all who adhered to King James and his
crown,
Were by Dutchmen beleaguer'd in Limerick town;
Some forced by the victor as exiles to roam,
Some crush'd into penal submission at home.

At length an invader more welcome comes o'er,
And without opposition sets foot on the shore;
No war trumpet sounds her approach to declare,
'Tis the horn's merry note that invites to Kildare.

Ammunition she needs not, nor soldiers, nor arms,
She comes, and she conquers at once by her charms;
And the smile in her eye is sufficient alone
To subdue their warm hearts and make Ireland
her own.

Save the Fox taking flight from his stronghold of
gorse,
No foe to pursue has her troop of light horse,
No planting of cannon to batter the mound,
She clears both the rampart and fosse at a bound.

Home rule is a sport for the roughs of the land,
But horse rule requires a more delicate hand;
What home-ruler now would not loyally kiss
The hand of a ruler so gentle as this!

Whether blazon'd the banner with orange or
green,
Now united for once may all Ireland be seen ;
One and all to the field at her bidding will speed,
And if able will follow wherever she lead.

Who can rule a rash horse and can keep his head
straight,
Must be surely well fitted to govern the State ;
What queen on her throne can this empress excel,
Who can sit with like grace on a saddle as well ?

A Love Chase.

ONE day by a statue of Cupid beguiled,
Forth wander'd a maiden in search of the
child ;
In fancy she hoped a sweet infant to find,
With a bow in his hand and a quiver behind.

She knew the boy's shoulders were furnish'd with
wings,
So she sought the green wood, where the night-
ingale sings ;
The birds flutter'd round in the branches above,
But in vain she look'd there for the pinions or
Love.

She wander'd along where the meadows were
 flown
 With the flowers and the verdure of hay yet
 unmown ;
Though the air was so fragrant, the sunbeams so
 bright,
 There was nothing like Love, save the butterfly's
 flight.

In a step that was seen through the forest to glide,
 She thought that one morn she his mother
 espied ;
Diana it proved, who her hunting horn blew,
 But who cared not for Love, nor his hiding-place
 knew.

Then the maid when reminded whence Venus
 had sprung,
 To the ocean went down and thus plaintively
 sung :
“ O Venus, a sight of thy darling I crave,
 Bid him rise for one moment and float on the
 wave.”

She watch'd the green billows, she watch'd the
 white foam,
 Unheeded her prayer, she went back to her
 home ;

ON SPORTING SUBJECTS. 29

She had vow'd ne'er again on a love chase to
start,
When Love came unbidden and knock'd at her
heart.

Uninvited he came whom so long she had fought,
How unlike the sweet child she had imaged in
thought ;
Then the boy whom ere vex'd by his tyrannous
fway,
She had wish'd for in vain, she in vain wish'd
away.

A London Ballad.

SHOWING HOW CABBY LOST HIS KEEPSAKE.

A JOLLY young cabman one noon in Pall
Mall,
As I jauntingly plied, looking out for a Swell,
A sweet voice said timidly, "What is your fare
To carry me, cabman, to Euston Square?"

I answer'd, "Ere maiden so comely and neat
Should be foil'd in her dress or be wet in her feet,
I would drive you, though more than a bob is my
fare—
I would drive you for nothing to Euston Square!"

When the maid and her bandbox were seated
inside,

To look down the peephole I open'd it wide,
And I felt as she turn'd her fair face to my view,
I instead of one Hansom was now driving two.

Then I tenderly touch'd to make pleasant the ride,
With the point of my whip the bay mare on her
side ;

My mare on her mettle was up to the trick,
And my heart as she trotted beat time double
quick.

Hammer-cloth coachmen with nose-gays on breast,
With dames in their carriages gorgeously drest,
Four-in-hand dragsmen with elbows set square,
As we met how they envied the cabman his fare.

"Then," said I, "by your leave might I drive up
and down,

I could show you the sights both in city and town."

"London sights!" replied she. "Oh, how nice it
would be !

But at home sits my mother awaiting for me."

How short seem'd the minutes ; why drove I so
fast ?

A journey so pleasant for ever should last ;

How I wish'd at the station instead of farewell,
How I wish'd I could carry her back to Pall Mall.

A bob she held up to the seat where I sat.
"No, I thank you ;" but soon I thought better of
that.
"As a keepsake," I said, "I will take what you
give,
And will round my neck wear it as long as I live."

One hasty good-bye then she utter'd aloud,
One smile ere she left and was lost in the crowd ;
Strange it seems to me now that I left not my
mare,
That I left not my cab to rush after her there.

Whether she travell'd first, second, or third,
Nor whither she went have I since ever heard ;
But in sadness I sigh'd, when a puff from the
train,
Puff'd away my last hope of e'er meeting again.

There I motionless sat like a statue of stone,
And there still should I be had they left me
alone,
Unconsciously dreaming of her who was gone,
Till aroused by a voice shouting "Cabby, move
on."

Crawling back from the station all London look'd
dull,

My heart, though my cushions were empty, was full;
So lonesome, I thought it would cheer me to stop
As I pass'd by the gin-shop, and call'd for a drop.

When my home I had reach'd and had stabled
my mare,

When in haste I had climb'd to my lodging
upstair,

A hole through the coin I was eager to bore,
That the keepsake might hang round my neck
evermore.

I search'd where I'd hid it—struck dumb with
despair,

I found that save pence there was nothing left
there;

At the gin-shop, alas, by that one little glass
Had my keepsake of silver been changed into brass.

Hush ! Hush ! Hush !

I LOVE but one fair face,
And though much I love the chase,
A blank to me the pastime if that loved one be
not near;

To the covert as we went,
 Every thought on her was bent,
 And pleasant were the words of love I whisper'd
 in her ear ;
 Were the maiden's thoughts that day
 With myself or far away ?
 Hope so fondly cherish'd was her silence meant to
 crush ?
 Was she thinking of the pack,
 That no word could I win back,
 As I rode beside my Lady-love, save " Hush, Hush,
 Hush ? "

When the fox was view'd away,
 Too discreet was I to say
 One warning word to curb her keen impatience
 for the race ;
 Riding on throughout the burst,
 Mid the foremost well nigh first,
 As with them she had started, with them still she
 held her place ;
 Though not a word I said,
 Still I watch'd her as she sped,
 The joyfulness of triumph gave her cheek a
 radiant flush ;
 Close beside her at the check,
 When I stroked the chestnut's neck,
 And her horfemanship applauded, all she said was
 " Hush ! Hush ! Hush ! "

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On the Death of the Prince Imperial.

KIN to a Victor once the pride of France,
 Ill-fated Prince ! no marvel such descent
 Fired thy young soul on glorious deeds intent,
 A chivalrous spirit thine inheritance.

By savage boemen screening their advance
 To wash their spears that princely heart was
 rent,
 Death struck ere yet the morn of life was spent,
 Ere yet with laurel we had wreath'd thy lance.

Though forrowing deeply o'er thy brief career,
 In desolation weeping her lost son,
 Still more we sorrow o'er a mother's grief.

Imperial exile ! for the Cross borne here
 In Heaven hereafter may a Crown be won,
 Where only hearts so crush'd may find relief.



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